

A Beautiful Oblivion

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A Beautiful Oblivion

by [scout \(scout_eki\)](#)

Summary

“Oh come on, do I have to?”

Dream looks up at his friends from where he was inspecting the green cheerleading outfit in his hand, matching cheshire grins on every face in front of him.

“Yes, those were the terms of the bet, and you lost.”

Or: Dream is forced to wear a cheerleading uniform to school and he attracts simps

Notes

title is from "Inside Out" by Eve 6 because I've recently become obsessed with it

anyway this is all lighthearted and it was very fun to write and it was all an excuse to write dream in a skirt

this was inspired ENTIRELY by @icedteakid on twitter, namely this art by them: [Link](#) because it gave me pure dream-in-a-skirt brainrot

NO WARNINGS :DDDD

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Oh come on, do I have to?”

Dream looks up at his friends from where he was inspecting the green cheerleading outfit in his hand, matching cheshire grins on every face in front of him.

“Yes, those were the terms of the bet, and you lost.”

Dream rolled his eyes, scoffing lightly at Sapnap’s words. Quackity had bet that George would respond to his text message faster than to Dream’s, and the dirty blond, both because he was a naturally competitive person and because he was sure his *best friend of four years* would respond to him quicker, easily agreed. What he didn’t account for was Quackity spam messaging George saying he was in an emergency and needed help, while Dream settled for a simple “how was coding this morning.” As the loser, he, the *captain* of the football team, has to wear a cheerleading outfit that Puffy easily supplied for an entire *day* at school.

Essentially, Quackity is a cheater, and Dream should’ve looked at the fine print before agreeing to the deal. The blond looks over at his boyfriend with an exasperated expression, hoping the pinkette would help get him out of this, but Techno, because he is an *awful* boyfriend and clearly likes to see him suffer, simply laughs at him from where he’s leaning against a nearby wall. He’s standing directly next to a framed picture of the two of them Dream had hung on his wall after their one year anniversary, and Dream was tempted to threaten to take it down if the pinkette laughed at him again.

“You guys suck so bad, everyone get out of my room.”

A handful of his friends, namely Bad, Puffy, and Niki, filed out of the room easily, off to do whatever more important things they had planned for today. The rest, however, stayed exactly where they were, laughing at Dream’s misery. He threw the offending pieces of clothing—yes, *pieces*, it was a separate skirt and crop top, and Dream was definitely going to murder whoever created this terrible outfit (how do people *move* in these things without fear of flashing literally everybody?)—onto his bed before he pushed the person closest to him out of his door.

Turns out it was George—that *bitch*—who instantly started protesting before he tripped over the door sill, quickly twisting his body as he tried to catch himself before falling over. Dream laughed at the sight—what? George was the one who got him into this mess, plus he looked hilarious with his eyes blown wide and his hands flailing—before beginning to push more people out the door.

Grumbling was heard throughout the crowd, and someone yelled a “you better actually wear it

tomorrow!”, but everyone steadily filed out of the door, leaving only Dream and Techno in the small room. Dream was half tempted to kick his boyfriend out as well, the smug smile on the pinkette’s face annoying him to no end, but then he remembered that the two had plans to watch the next episode of *The Bachelorette* together while making fun of the contestants, and Dream would be an idiot to pass up a chance to cuddle with the infamous *don't-touch-me-or-I'll-kill-you-Technoblade* while judging the life choices of some strangers.

Techno laughed once the last person exited the blond’s room, pushing himself off his space on the wall before walking over to Dream, who was glaring at the green fabric on his bed. Arms wrapped around Dream’s waist, a chin resting on his shoulder, and against his better judgement, he leaned back into the warmth. “You actually gonna wear it?” Techno’s words were slightly muffled, due to his face being stuffed into Dream’s neck, and the dirty blond schooled his expression into a blank one.

“Of course I am, I’m not letting those fuckers win. I’ll wear that stupid outfit, and I’ll look damn good in it too.” Dream said the last sentence as he disconnected from Techno’s arms, moving the aforementioned outfit to his dresser before flopping down on his bed. He turned on the tv on the wall across the room from his bed, flicking to the correct channel before gesturing towards Techno. “Now get over here and cuddle, you absolute traitor.”

Techno, apparently finally deciding to listen to his beloved boyfriend, walked over to Dream’s bed with a smug smile on his face. Once they were settled, both of them on their sides, Techno completely engulfing Dream’s back, his arm over the blond’s waist, Techno spoke again. “If you wanna back out, I can just make up an excuse for the entire group, saying you lost it or somethin’.” Techno words were teasing, but Dream could hear the underlying edge to it, giving him an out if he truly needed it.

But, as they both know, Dream is stubborn, and he isn’t going to let some pieces of cloth ruin his reputation as a bet fulfiller.

“No, I’ll wear it, and they’re all going to regret making me do this when I look ten times better than them all on a good day.”

“Of course you will, baby.”

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As it turns out, Dream was probably the only one regretting this.

When he had first put on the outfit—which somehow fit perfectly, Dream will have to investigate how Puffy managed to get his exact size—he immediately felt self conscious. The skirt felt too short, and he felt like too much of his midriff was showing, so he was caught in a back-and-forth battle between pulling the skirt down and trying to hike it up as much as possible. In the end, he decided that not flashing his entire high school would be best, and he shrugged on his varsity letterman for some extra coverage, even if the material didn’t go past his lower back.

Schlatt had blown milk out of his nose—literally, it got everywhere on the dining room table, Dream thinks Tubbo might’ve gotten a video—when he had caught sight of his eldest son’s outfit. Dream had laughed and took an apple out of the basket on the counter before explaining the bet he got himself into, quickly walking out the door before his father could give him another lesson on how and when to properly participate in bets.

As Dream started the short walk to Techno’s house, he was caught between being confident in his new clothing, and being entirely and utterly embarrassed. The thing was, he knew he was at least a

little bit attractive—he's had to turn down numerous girls in his high school career, and he doesn't think he'd be dating the valedictorian and assistant captain of the football team if he didn't have any looks going for him—but he wasn't sure if this outfit was flattering or absolutely horrendous on him.

He was tall and thin, his muscle appearing as lean instead of bulky, but he didn't exactly have the curves that were expected with this outfit. If he didn't know any better, he would've been nervous for the skirt to drop off his body at any moment due to not having the hips needed to keep them up. Nevertheless, he kept his posture confident, keeping his internal fears where they should be.

When he arrived at the Minecraft's house, he hesitated on the front porch, one of his hands raised in a fist to knock, not quite letting it drop down yet. He gave himself a small pep-talk, assuring his subconscious that he could leave school anytime—perks of being a senior—and go home and change, before he knocked on the mahogany. As per usual, Tommy opened the door for him, but this time, his face screwed up and he gagged before walking aside, letting Dream enter the house.

“What the *fuck* are you wearing?” Tommy's outburst caused a laugh to escape Dream as he set his backpack down near the door, taking off his varsity jacket due to the obscenely warm temperature Techno likes the house at. He didn't bother taking his shoes off, knowing Phil wouldn't care and he wouldn't be here long—plus the fact that he was *not* going to bend over and untie the laces.

“It was for a bet, Toms.” He attempted to ruffle the younger's hair, but the boy jumped away from him, staring at him as if he had just murdered somebody in front of him. “Don't I look amazing?” He did a small curtsy in the stupidly short skirt, laughing at the disgusted expression on Tommy's face.

“You're truly horrible, I don't know how my brother likes you.” Dream laughed at Tommy's words, the smile still on his face, before the younger turned back towards the kitchen, yelling way-too-loudly for seven in the morning. “Techno! Your ugly boyfriend's here!”

A chair scraping somewhere in the dining room could be heard before a pair of feet pounded throughout the house, coming ever closer to Dream. Based on the fact that Techno would rather die than show any sort of affection in front of his family, it's most likely Wilbur that is the owner of the feet rounding the corner at the end of the kitchen to get to Dream.

“I swear, Dream, if you don't have the outfit on, I'm—” Dream's assumptions were proved correct when Wilbur spoke, before the brunette was cut off when he actually caught sight of Dream. Chocolate eyes widened as they dragged over Dream's figure, stopping momentarily on his midriff before continuing their scan. Dream, going against his instinct to curl away from the prying eyes, stood confidently, his face blank. Just as he was about to say something, Wilbur spoke again, this time under his breath. “Holy fuck, how did Techno get so lucky?”

Dream would've responded, albeit, awkwardly, since he doesn't think Wilbur meant for him to hear that, before Techno walked through the same doorway Wilbur had just come through. He stopped dead in his tracks, a granola bar half-raised to his mouth, doing the same eye drag thing that Wilbur did. Dream simply waited for a moment, expecting the two to finally break out of their weird spell, before he spoke when no sign of them stopping appeared. “Uh, hi?”

His words must've broken them both out of their spell, for Techno quickly shoved his hand over Wilbur's eyes before pushing his twin back towards the kitchen, walking over to Dream after assuring the brunette actually left. His hands hovered around the blond, as if he didn't know where to put them, before Dream grabbed one of them in his own hand, intertwining their fingers. “Do you like it?”

“You-” Techno’s voice was embarrassingly high-pitched, and Dream would’ve laughed at him if he wasn’t anxiously waiting for Techno’s honest answer. “You certainly weren’t lyin’ when you said you’d look good as hell in it.” He seemed to suddenly notice the letterman jacket Dream had thrown over his arm, touching the material lightly to assure he knew what it was before resting the hand on Dream’s waist, right in between the top and bottom of the outfit.

Dream laughed, the warmth from Techno’s hand on his exposed waist spreading through his body. “Thank you, Tech.” His smile suddenly turned smug, and Techno’s eyes narrowed in suspicion. “Who knew the assistant captain of the football team could be such a simp?”

Dream was suddenly very glad he had kept his shoes on when Techno started chasing him, stopping momentarily to put his own shoes on.

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The ride to school was spent with Techno trying to block Wilbur’s line of sight of Dream, while the dirty blond laughed at the antics, “accidentally” kicking the back of Tommy’s seat once in a while just for the hell of it. When the brick building appeared in view, Dream slipped his letterman jacket back on, ignoring Wilbur’s whines about how he’s “covering up his cute freckles” and Techno’s attempts to shut the brunette up. Techno, even though he avidly avoided public displays of affection at all costs, slung an arm around Dream’s shoulders as they walked into the crowded building, and the blond felt himself puff up with confidence at the sight of the students milling around the hallway.

He hadn’t caught sight of any of their friends yet, but apparently he caught the attention of numerous of his classmates, which all either gaped at him or looked away with blushes covering their faces. Dream’s past hesitance left his mind as he let the stares go to his ego, setting his shoulders and letting a small smile cross his face. He could see his friends in the distance, crowded around the dirty blond’s locker, and he let the smile turn into a smirk.

“Hello, everyone,” he said when the two stopped in front of their group of friends, all of them turning from whatever-they-were-doing to look at Dream, “how are you guys today?” He watched in satisfaction as everybody’s faces shifted from shock, to realization, to awe. “You guys didn’t think I’d back out, did you? You should all expect better from me, really.” His words seemed to go into multiple ears before going out the others, nobody reacting besides Techno’s small laugh at his side.

“Think you might’ve broken ‘em, nerd.”

Techno’s low voice must’ve done the trick, for the entire group in front of them started stammering, blushes high on their faces. Their voices were blending together, but Dream managed to catch Quackity saying the bet was worth it, George laughing flusteredly, and Sapnap calling him hot. Dream simply walked into the group, leaving Techno behind, attempting to get to his locker. He literally touched Fundy—just a small little gesture to try and hint at Fundy moving out of the way—once and the boy’s suddenly falling dramatically into Karl’s arms.

Once he managed to make it out of the group of his friends—barely alive, pushing the jacket up from where it slipped off his shoulder—he grabbed Techno, turning the pinkette around before walking to their first class. He could hear a group of people following him, but he steadily ignored it, laughing slightly under his breath at the ridiculousness of the situation.

“This is going to be an interestin’ day, isn’t it?”

“Yes, yes it is, Techno.”

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As it turns out, “interesting” doesn’t even begin to explain the day Dream’s had.

It seems like everywhere he went, he attracted stares upon stares, the majority being from people he’s never met in his life. Nobody dared to approach him, which he wasn’t sure if he was happy about or not (it gets a bit awkward after a while, and he feels like the only way to stop it from being awkward is if he outright says something to them), but his friends were a different story.

They all seemed hellbent on making his day as difficult as possible. Quackity, apparently wanting to make the bet even *more* difficult, revealed to Dream during their lunch period that he had told the cheerleading coach that Dream would participate in their practice today, rather than going to the football one. So, now he has to somehow become exceedingly flexible by the end of the school day, or he has to beg the football coach to force him to come to practice.

One thing he knows for certain is he’d rather pull a muscle in his thigh from attempting to do that kick he always sees the cheerleaders do, than to let Quackity win. Another thing he knows is he is going to put shaving cream in Techno’s shoes, or something similar, because, as per usual, since he is a terrible boyfriend in every sense of the word, the pinkette has merely laughed everytime Dream complained about the skirt riding up or the fact that he can’t touch his toes even if he broke his back or something.

Now he's stuck wondering what god he insulted in his past life for him to get to his current position, bending his back and watching forlornly as his fingertips only make it to an inch below his knees. Puffy, who was supposed to be guiding him through everything and swore “on her life” that she wouldn’t make fun of him, is currently snickering from where she’s somehow laying her palms flat against the grass.

From his vantage point, with his back against the bleachers (since he is trying to absolutely minimize the amount of people who would have the view of his upper thigh), he can see the entire football team running through their usual exercises while not-so-subtly glancing over at the cheerleading team, specifically Dream. Everytime he catches the gaze of somebody new he rolls his eyes at them, but it doesn’t seem to deter absolutely anybody.

Luckily, throughout the painfully long day of his friends practically torturing him, he has managed to find ways to bite back. As previously stated, he knows he’s attractive, but he *also* knows that a select few of his friends find him especially good-looking; namely, Sapnap, George, Fundy, and, even though he won’t ever admit it due to fear of Techno murdering him in his sleep, Wilbur.

Now, would he normally exploit these feelings for his own gain? No. But did all of his morals go out the window when Quackity started playing dirty? Yes. So, now, whenever he catches sight of any of them staring at him, he’ll tilt his head down (to look at them from under his eyelashes), discreetly move the jacket off whichever shoulder is closest to his victim, and flash a smile that Techno once said could kill someone if they looked too long.

This time is no different, and it’s George who had the unfortunate luck of making eye contact, and as per usual, the brunette flushed before looking away, continuing to throw the football with Quackity. Dream snickered under his breath before following Puffy, who said they were going to start the entire routine, and that if Dream didn’t follow along perfectly, the cheerleading coach was going to kill him (based on the defined muscles in the woman’s arms, he didn’t want to test the theory).

He managed to struggle his way through the routine, and he wouldn’t say he’s having *fun*, but it wasn’t terrible to try and match specific moves to certain parts in the music they had put on. When

they were done, however, he won't pretend like he didn't flop onto the grass below unceremoniously, barely catching the water bottle Puffy had thrown at him before chugging the contents like he was a man trapped in the desert.

"How are you doing, Dreamie?" Puffy patted his head, proceeding to then wipe her hand on the grass below them with a grimace, no doubt trying to get rid of the sweat that has gathered in Dream's hair.

"I'd be doing better if you didn't give Quackity this uniform so willingly." Dream's voice wasn't as annoyed as he wanted it to be, which he blames on the fact that he's about to drop dead at any moment, but Puffy didn't seem to be paying attention to him anyway, her gaze set off to where Dream knew the football team was practicing. With all the strength he had left, he pushed himself into a sitting position, twisting around to figure out what caught Puffy's attention.

It seems as though the football team was just getting done, too, for he could see a group of them walking over towards where Dream sat on the ground. He could feel his arms shaking under the strain of keeping himself up, and he flopped back down, letting out an audible grunt at the impact. Instead of seeing the smug expression on Quackity's expression, he closed his eyes, blocking out his view of everybody walking towards him.

"Aww, is poor Dreamie tired from a little cheerleading?" Quackity's smug voice managed to find its way through Dream's ears into his brain, and he scoffed slightly, throwing one of his arms over his eyes in an attempt to block out the afternoon sun. When he finally removed his arm, his eyes scanning the people above him, he noticed two very important things. One: George, Sapnap, and Fundy were looking away from him with blushes on their faces (he supposed he probably did look a little scandalous sprawled out on the grass, sweaty, in just a short skirt and a crop top), and two: Techno was nowhere in sight.

"I'd like to see you try, Quackity, I'm sure you wouldn't last more than fifteen minutes." To be fair, he didn't think he was going to last more than fifteen minutes, but the point is that he *did*, and Quackity doesn't need to know how close he was to quitting multiple times. Puffy, as if she could read his mind, laughed at him before going over to the rest of the cheerleaders. Techno finally appeared in Dream's line of vision, with both his and Dream's backpack slung over his broad shoulders, and he sent a sweet smile to the dirty blond that Dream had to steadily ignore in favor of glaring at him.

With shaky arms, he managed to push himself back up into a sitting position, his back waning as he bent forward, not able to support his upper body. *How the hell did people do this every single day? This is terrible.* He managed to raise himself on weak arms, planting his legs under him, before he stood slowly. He might've fallen forward immediately upon standing, catching himself on Techno's shoulder, but nobody but the two of them had to know that (he was ignoring his entire group of friends around him).

"Techno, we're leaving."

"Whatever you say, princess." Dream attempted to raise a hand to slap his boyfriend at the terrible nickname, only managing to lightly hit Techno's hand, but he counts it as a small win. With short and slow steps, Dream managed to walk to Techno's, who was walking ahead of him, *that bastard*, car. When he flopped into the leather seats of Techno's car, he sagged against the fabric, closing his eyes and letting out a drawn out sigh. Techno put their bags into the trunk before getting into the driver's seat, laughing at his frankly pitiful boyfriend.

"Drive." Techno, who apparently had given up his traitor role, did. When the two of them drove past the remaining members of the football team, Dream lifted a weak hand and flipped them all

off, laughing at the incredulous expression on Quackity's face.

“One thing I learned from all this is you look hot in a skirt.”

“Techno!”

End Notes

I hope everyone enjoyed that :]

again check out the original art this was inspired by [This](#)

my twitter is [scout_eki](#) :D

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!